

The Ex-ale-tation of A L E

BEING

The Antient Liquor of this REALME

O R, A

Clear definition of its efficacious Operation in several Pates, Arts and Professions.

Dedicated to all that love Ale, and to be presented to all the Inns and Ale-Houses in ENGLAND.



NOr drunken, nor sober, but neighbour to both,
I met with a friend in *Melbury Vale*,
He saw by my face that I was in the case
to speak no great harm of a pot of good ale.

Then did he me greet, and said, since we meet
(and be put me in mind of the name of the Dale)
For *Melbury* sake some pains I would take
and not bury the praise of a pot of good ale.

The more to procure me, then did he adjure me,
if the ale I drank last were nappy and stale,
To do it its right, and stir up my sprite,
and fall to commend a pot of good ale.

Quoth I to commend it I dare not begin,
lest therein my credit might happen to fail;
For many men now do count it a sin
for once to look towards a pot of good ale.

Yet I care not a pin, for I see no such sin,
nor any thing else my courage to quell;
For this we do find, that take it in kind,
much virtue there is in a pot of good ale.

And I mean not the taste, though thereby much grac't,
nor the merry go down without pull or hale,
Perfuming the throat when the stomach's a flake
with the fragrant sent of a pot of good ale.

Nor yet the delight, that comes to the sight,
to see how it flowers and mantles in graile;
As green as a leek, with a smile in the cheek,
the true orient colour of a pot of good ale.

But I mean the mind, and the good it doth feed,
not only the body so feeble and frail;
For body and soul may blest be the black bowl,
since both are beholden to a pot of good ale.

For when heaviness, the mind doth oppress,
and sorrow and griefe the heart doth assail,
No remedy quicker, then to take of your liquor,
and to wash away cares with a pot of good ale.

he widow that buried her husband of late
will soon have forgotten to weep and to wail,
and think every day twain till she marry again,
read her but the contents of a pot of good ale.

is like a belly-blait to a cold heart,
and warms and engenders the spirits vitale,
keep them from damage all sp'its owe their homage
to the sp'it of the buttry, a pot of good ale.

id down to the legs this virtue doth go,
and to a bad footman is as good as a shill,
and it fills the veins, and makes light the brain,
No Lacky so nimble as a Pot of good ale.

enaked complains not for want of a coat,
nor on the cold weather will once turne his tayle;
the way as he goes, he cuts the winde with his nose,
if he be but well wrapt in a pot of good ale.

hungry man takes no thought for his meat,
though his stomack would brook a ten-penny nail;
quite forgets hunger, and thinks on't no longer,
if he touch but the spark of a pot of good ale.

poor man will praise it so hath he good cause,
nor all the year eates neither Partridge nor Quail,
but sets up his rest, and makes up his feast
with a crust of brown bread, and a pot of good ale.

The Shepherd, the Sower, the Thresher, the Mower,
the one with his scythe, the other with his flail,
Take them out by the poll, on the perill of my soul,
all will hold up their hands to a pot of good ale.

The black smith whose bellows all summer do blow
with the fire in his face still, without e're a vale,
though his throat be full dry, he will tell you no lie,
but where you may be sure of a pot of good ale.

Who ever denies it the prisoner will praise it,
that beg at the grate, and lie in the goale;
For even in their fetters, they think themselves better,
may they get but a two-penny blaw Pot of ale.

The begger whose portion is always his prayers,
not having a tatter to hang on his tayle;
I as rich in his rags, as the churle in his bags,
if he once but shikes hands with a pot of good ale.

It drives his poverty clean out of mind,
forgetting his brown bread, his wallet and Mayle;
He walks in the house, like a six-footed louse,
if he once be enricht with a pot of good ale.

And he that doth dig in the ditches all day,
and wearies himself quite at the plough taile,
Will speak no lesse things, then of Queens and of Kings,
if he touch but the top of a pot of good ale.

It is a whetstone to a blunt wit,
and makes a supply where nature doth fail;
The dullest wit soon will look quite thorow the Moon,
if his temples be wet with a pot of good ale.

Then Dick to his darling full bo'dly dares speak,
though before (filly fellow) his courage did quail;
He gives her the smouch, with his hand on his pouch,
if he meet by the way with a pot of good ale.

And it makes the Carter a Courtier straight-way;
with rhetorical terms he will tell his tale
With curtesies great store, and his cap up before,
being schoold but a little with a pot of good ale.

The old man whose tongue wags faster then his teeth
(for old age by nature doth drivell and drail)
Will frig and fling, like a dog in a string,
if he warm his cold blood with a pot of good ale.

And the good old Clerk, whose fight was with death,
and ever he thinks the print is too final;
He will see every letter, and say service better,
if he glaze but his eyes with a pot of good ale.

The cheek and the jawes, to commend it have cause;
for where they were late but even wan and pale;
They will get them a colour, no crimson is fuller,
by the true die and tincture of a pot of good ale.

Marke her enemies, though they think themselves wise,
how meagre they look, with how low a wayle;
How their cheeks do fall, without sp'its at all,
that alien their minds from a pot of good ale.

And that now the grains do work in my brains,
me thinks I were able to give by retale
Commodities store, a dozen, or more,
that flow to mankind from a pot of good ale.

The Muses would muse, any should it misuse,
for it makes them to sing like a Nightingale;
With a lofty trim note, having washed their throat
with the Caballine Spring of a pot of good ale.

And the Musicon of any condition,
it will make him to reach to the top of his scale,
It will clear his pipes, and moisten his lights,
if he drinke alternatim a pot of good ale.

The Poet divine, that cannot reach wine,
because that his money doth many times fail,
Will hit on the vain, to make a good strain
if he be but inspir'd with a pot of good ale.

For ballads *Elderton* never had peer,
how went his wit in them with how merry a gale;
And with all his sails up, and he bent at the cup
and washed his beard with a pot of good ale.

And the power of it shewes, no whit lesse in prose,
it will one phrase, and set forth his tale,
Fill him but a bowl, it will make his tongue trouble,
for flowing speech flows from a pot of good ale.

And Master Philosopher, if he drink his part,
will not trifle his time in the husk or the shale,
But go to the kernel by the depth of his art
to be found in the bottom of a pot of good ale.

Give a scholer of *Oxford* a pot of sixteens,
and put him to prove that an Ape hath a taile,
And sixteen times better his wit will be seen
if you fetch him from *Bosley* a pot of good ale.

Thus it helps speech and wit, and it hurts not a whit,
but rather doth further the virtues morale;
Then think it not much, if a little I touch
the good moral parts of a pot of good ale.

To the church and religion it is a good friend;
or else our forefathers their wisdom did fail,
That every mile, next to the church stile,
set a consecrate house to a pot of good ale.

But now as they say, beer bears all away,
the more is the pity if right might prevail;
For with this same beere came up heresies here,
the old Catholick drink is a pot of good ale.

The churches much owe, as we all do know,
for when they be dropping and ready to fall;
By a Whitson or a Church ale up again they shall go
and owe their repaying to a pot of good ale.

Truth will do it right, it bringeth truth to light,
And many bad matters it helps to reveale:
For they that will drink, will speak what they think;
Tom tell-truth lies hid in a pot of good ale.

It is Justices friend, she will it commend,
For all is here served by measure and tale;
Now, true tale and good measure, are Justices treasure,
and much to the praise of a pot of good ale.

And next I alledge, it is fortitudes edge,
for a very coward that shrinks like a snail,
Will swear, and will swagger and out goes his dagger,
if a be but arm'd with a pot of good ale.

For all is here served by measure and tale;
that never wore corset nor yet luff of mail;
But have fought their fights all, twixt the pot and the wal
when once they were dubbed with a pot of good ale.

And sure it will make a man suddenly wise
yere while was scarce able to tell a right tale,
It will open his jaw, he will tell you the law,
as made a right Preacher of a pot of good ale.

Or he that will make a bargain to gain
in buying or setting his goods forth to sale,
Must not plod in the mire, but sit by the fire,
and seal up his match with a pot of good ale.

But for soberness, needs must I confesse
the matter goes hard, and few do prevail,
Not to go too deep, but temper to keep,
such is the attractive of a pot of good ale.

But here's an amends, which will make all friends,
and never doth tend to the best avail;
If you take it too deep, it will make you but sleep,
so comes no great hurt of a pot of good ale.

If reeling they happen to fall to the ground,
the fall is not great, they may hold by the rail,
If into the water they cannot be drown'd,
for that gift is given to a pot of good ale.

If drinking about, they chance to fall out,
fear not the alar'm, though flesh be but frail;
It will prove but some blowes, or at most a bloody nose,
And friends again straight with a pot of good ale.

And Physick will favour ale as it is bound
and be against beer both tooth and nail,
They send up and down, all over the town
to get for their Patients a pot of good ale.

Their Aleberries, caudles, and possets each one,
and fillabubs made at the milking pale,
Although they be many, beer comes not in any,
but all are compos'd with a pot of good ale.

And in very deed, the hop's but a weed
brought o're against Law, and hereset to sale;
Would the Law were renew'd, and no more beer brew'd
but all good men betake them to a pot of good ale.

The Law, that will take it under her wing,
for at every law days or moot of the hall,
One is sworn to serve our Sovereign King
in the ancient office of a Conner of Ale.

There's never a Lord of Mannor or of Town
by strand or by land, by hill or by dale,
But think it a franchise and flower of the Crown
to hold the assise of a pot of good ale.

And though there lies writs from the Court of Chancery
to stay the proceeding of the Court Paravall,
Law favours it so, you may come you may go,
there lies no prohibition to a pot of good ale.

They talk much of state, both early and late,
but if Gascoigne and Spain their wine should
No remedy then, with us Englishmen,
but the state it must stand by a pot of good ale.

And they that sit by it, are good men and quiet,
no dangerous plotters in the common-weale,
Of treason or murder for they never go further
then to call for and pay for a pot of good ale.

To the praise of *Cambivium* that good Briton
that devised for his nation (by the Welles)
Seventeen hundred years before Christ did speake
the happy invention of a pot of good ale.

But he was a Pynim and ale was then rise,
yet after Christ came and bid us all hie,
St. David did never trink Peere in her life,
but all Cwrrwhibley a pot of good ale.

The North they will praise and praise it with passion
where every River gives name to a Dale;
There are yet men living that are of the old nation,
no Nechtar they know but a pot of good ale.

The Picts were undone, slain each mother son,
for not macking the Scots to make Hallowe'en;
So high was the skill and so kept under hand,
The Picts were undone, slain each mother son,
for not macking the Scots to make Hallowe'en.

But hither or thither it kills not much matter,
for drink must be had, men live not by hatter;
Nor by Haverhannocks, nor by Haverham,
the thing the Scots love is a pot of good ale.

Now if you will say it I will not deny it,
that many a man it brings to his bale;
Yet what fairer end, can one wish to his friend
then to die by the dart of a pot of good ale.

Yet let not the innocent bear any blame,
it is their own doing to break o't the pale,
And neither the malt, nor the good wife in fault,
if any be potted with a pot of good ale.

They tell of whom it kills, but say not a word
How many a man liveth both sound and
Though he drink no beer any day in the
by the Radical humour of a pot of good ale.

But to speak of killing (that am I not willing,
for that in a manner were but to rail;
But Beer hath its name cause it brings to the bail,
therefore well fare say I to a pot of good ale.

Too many I wis, with their death proved this,
And therefore if ancient records do not fail,
He that first brew'd the hop was rewarded with a rope,
and found his beer far more bitter then ale.

O Ale! *ab alendo*, thou liquor of life,
that I had but a mouth as big as a Whale;
For mine is too little to touch the least tittle
that belongs to the praise of a pot of good ale.

Thus I trow some Vertues I have marked you out,
and never a vice in all this long trayle;
But that after the pot there cometh a shot,
and that's th' only blot of a pot of good ale.

With that my friend said that blot will I leave,
you have done very well it is time to strike the cleve;
Wee'll have six pots more, though I die on the cleve,
to make all this good of a pot of good ale.

LONDON,

Printed by M. I. for F. Colles at the Lamb at the Old-Bath, 1665.